

Liberal Preacher

The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, a New York preacher, is endeavoring to perform a feat in spiritual engineering. The "narrow way" is decidedly *too* narrow for a progressive age, and he has gone to work, shovel and pick, to make it broader. At one point where it is a mere path, so restricted indeed that you can't squeeze thru with a bundle of popular amusements, such as dancing and theater going, he is blasting away so as to make room for anything. He doesn't ask whether the play is immoral, so it is artistic. Sins against morals are mere trifles. Sins against art, or taste, are unpardonable. At another point where the good old way was supposed to be so hemmed in by prohibitive rocks, clefts, mountains, Sinai's, the Rev. Pentecost is ramming in whole wagon loads of dynamite, and when he succeeds in blowing the obstructions away, why you won't know the road at all. He says: "I would not suppress by law, drinking or gambling places, opium dens, or houses of ill repute. These matters should be taken out of the hands of the law. Men who wish to go to such places will do so law or no law." In his view the law has no moral function at all. Paul said that it was intended to be a terror to evil doers, but Mr. Pentecost would remove the terror. Perhaps he or his friends find it inconvenient. Mr. Gladstone, who as an authority in the legitimate function of law is to Mr. Pentecost as the sun is to a tallow dip, said that "the business of law was to make it easy to do right and hard to do wrong." There are evils, particularly those which this imitation preacher would release from the grip of the law, that are totally impervious to any other kind of restraint. But for the penalty of the statute they would become intolerable, and talk of removing these restrictions is criminal. The views of this Rev. Pentecost are of course without weight, and would not be worth criticising but for the fact that he parades his idiocy in the guise of a minister of the Gospel, illustrating the well known Scriptural statement that even Satan himself will sometimes appear as an angel of light. Of course everybody knows that the law cannot convert anybody, or reform the depraved tastes and habits of the individual, but it can prevent evil men from making the world any more like hell than it already is. It is the essential bridle for the untamable beast.

Will it Fail?

When I read the EVANGELIST No. 10, and the final summing up of Brother Cassel's report relative to Washington church in the words, "net gain for the week, \$120," I involuntarily asked myself the question: "Will it fail? If so, why?" I can not think yet that it *will* fail. But Brethren we must awake and act before it is too late. I confess that if it should fail I have over estimated

the zeal and actual worth of the Brethren church. I will farther say that if it should fail, I believe the ministry of the church is to blame. In every case where an earnest effort is made by the minister, a response will come from the membership. Having an appointed work myself, where I do not see a single member of the congregation inside of two weeks, I thought it my duty to make a special effort in time. I therefore put an announcement in three of the county papers, as well as the B. E., so that I should not strike them unexpectedly. I tried to secure a suitable text for the occasion, and thought I could find none better than Acts 1:8; "and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in Judea, and in Samaria, and to the uttermost part of the earth" Witnesses! How? Witnesses! Where? Witnesses! Why? and by or thru what power? was my application of the subject. The where was the special feature, for this occasion, listen, where, Jerusalem. The capitol city.

Come on brethren we are going to witness for Christ or against in this very act. One of the "hows" we witness is by maintenance of Christian churches over the land. Mr. Moody once said, "Every church spire pointing heavenward is a reminder to the sinner that God loves him." I need not tell you that I had a fair response. In the little congregation present we raised the snug sum of \$23.27, and \$5 had already been sent in by Sister Trent and reported in the EVANGELIST, making a total of \$28.27. If any one doubts about my being in earnest, in my presentation or application, ask some of the brethren or sisters at Listie. As to results the verdict of the congregation was "more than I expected you would get." But we are going to be able to report more, I think, as a result of solicitation on the part of a good sister of the congregation. Witness when? Now! Where? Washington City! God will bless the witnesses. Who are they? Eternity will tell. Yours for success and a church in Washington City. R. Z. REPLOGLE.

The American Pantheon

New York is to have a Pantheon, a Hall of Fame, where the memory of distinguished Americans is to be kept green, perpetuated in bronze, or marble, or colors, or by simple inscription. A citizen has contributed \$100,000 to complete the building, and doubtless will be one of the favored list who shall receive the immortality. There are others in New York, and in other cities also, who are rich enough to purchase this pagan immortality. Doubtless some napoleonic brewers and liquor dealers will sooner or later join the laurel crowned procession. There will be wits in that majestic hall, politicians, poets, authors, possibly great preachers, whose statues will here stand proudly pre-eminent for perhaps the thousand years or so allotted to this western civilization. Rome had her pantheon, omnipotent Rome, mis-

tress of the world. Doubtless her mighty men thought that the imperial glory would last as long as time. But only the desolate ruin is left. By and by the ruin will crumble, and nothing will be left, nothing but a fading memory. Of what value is fame to the forgotten? Why is it that the gifted and the great do not seek the immortality which will remain, the eternal life? Let the swollen favorites of a foolish world have all the comfort of their pantheons. Give us the divine consolation, precious boon to the humblest, the most obscure, that after this disappointing life will come the golden age, the blessed era, the everlasting glory, the sweet, calm, beautiful, rapturous heaven. "To him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." Besides such a destiny the world's pantheons are mere rubbish heaps. When will the world learn that only love is deathless. All things else vanish. Charity only remaineth, and her works. Knowledge, talent, genius, power, these are but beautiful dreams. That which finally vanishes away is but a dream, tho it live a million years. How much sooner are all the world's pantheons, the world's fame and glory, blotted out in oblivion.

Love in Death

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Love embalms that supreme hour. Out of the gathering darkness shines the face of the Father, tenderly leaning over his child, and smiling at his groundless fears. The day fades from the earthly vision, but the night is but the bursting forth of the wide heavens. For one world lost we gain the many. For one feeble candle of sun and moon, there are the brighter millions beyond. Out of the tempests of trouble we float away upon the wide ocean of God's peace. The legend of Moses is not all a legend. When from the mountain top the Lord had shown him all the land of promise, He tenderly kissed him, and with that kiss drew forth his soul. The soul leaping up into the paradise of joy, kissed into eternal life with the kiss of Infinite Love, is not this a vision of the last earthly moment which robs it of all its earthly fears? It is the habit even of hidden love to burst forth gloriously, to come to us swiftly and tenderly, in the hour of our supreme need. Yes, there is love in death, and then it will be no more death, but life.

Personal Mention

At Dallas Center, Ia, Brother Noah Flora reports two additions to the church.

Brother C. Forney reports one addition to the church at Maple Grove, Kans.

Brother Mackey reports a baptism and accession in the Salisbury congregation.